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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

EDITORIALS—

- Mr. Knapp's Lecture ; the Episcopal Controversy ; Hard Masters ; Evolution and Christianity ; Birds for Ornament Again ; Mr. Hunting's Speech at Luverne ; a Convict Labor Discussion in the South..... 199
"Love Me and Tell Me so Sometimes."—W. C. G. 200

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—

- Anti-Slavery Reminiscence.—S. H. M. 200
Mr. Blake's Essays.—CHARLES D. B. MILLS 202

CORRESPONDENCE—

- The Index*.—A. N. ALCOTT 203

THE STUDY TABLE—

- Holiday Books ; "October" ; "Melchior's Dream" ; "Address on the Services of Washington" ; Lessing's "Nathan the Wise" 204

THE HOME—

- Apples, Wheat and Flowers.—J. V. B. 205

NOTES FROM THE FIELD—

- 206

ANNOUNCEMENTS—

- 207

REV. ARTHUR MAY KNAPP is to deliver an art lecture in the parlors of the Church of the Messiah on the evening of December 21st. The subject is "Michael Angelo and Raphael," and the lecture will be illustrated with excellent stereopticon views. Tickets may be obtained of Rev. Mr. Utter or other members of the Church of the Messiah.

THE fight being made in the Episcopal church against the growth of ritualism is honest and admirable, in line with all that is morally noble and spiritually modest in these times. Men have grown to dislike in religion the parade that so offended Hamlet as he looked upon his mother's ostentation of woe. Dress, sign, formal speech, display-music, remain as they ever have been, foreign to all realization of religious purity.

H. L. T.

WE often hear people sigh because duty is such a hard task-master. "How severe are the exactions of God", they say, "how inexorable are the demands of his law"; but these are not half such hard task-masters as are their alternates, in terror of whom so many continually live, the coarse-handed bully called "public opinion", the idle tongue of Madam Grundy, the shallow exactions of that something—nobody knows who it is or where it is—called "society". Little peace or joy is there for him who would dance attendance upon these false masters ; the only fruit they have to offer in reward of your labors is apples of Sodom, pleasant to look at, but dust and ashes to the taste.

CHARLES A. ALLEN, of New Orleans, recently preached a sermon to prove that Evolution was not un-Christian. He admits that this new doctrine, like that of modern astronomy, is unscriptural: notwithstanding this he recognizes the fact that "the new astronomy has not only revealed to us an infinitely vaster and grander universe than the men of old time believed in, but has brought God very near to

us by compelling us to see that God does not dwell far off above the blue sky, but as even some of the wisest ancients taught, He fills all space with His presence, and 'in Him we live and move and have our being'. And, in just the same way, Evolution is dispelling the old fancy that God once made the world as a man makes a machine and then left it to run along of itself; God is no longer put back 6,000 years to the time when the worlds were thought to have flashed out of chaos, but Science helps us to see that He is the ever-present, ever-working God, who here and today is still building the worlds into fairer and grander forms, just as He has been doing for inconceivable milleniums; for He is still creating light out of darkness and bringing good out of evil."

ALAS! "One swallow does not make a summer"! The wave of indignation and protest which passed over the country last year against the wanton destruction of birds for ornamental purposes, does not seem to have permanently brought the women to the sanity and humanity of the subject. A recent number of the *Springfield* (Mass.) *Union* has the following:

Birds' wings and feathers and the entire skins of birds are increasing in use again as a part of the fashionable decoration of women's hats and bonnets. The trade in this sort of trimming is enormous. Some freshly gathered figures collected at New York are astonishing. One taxidermist handled 30,000 bird skins last year, and one firm had in stock 200,000 skins.

How long will this "slaughter of the innocent" be continued?

AT a meeting held for the purpose of organizing a liberal church at Luverne, Minn., Rev. S. S. Hunting said many good things concerning the new thought in religion, for which we find room for but few sentences:

Man began as a savage, and has been climbing. The career of man ever since the creation has been a rise instead of a fall. With the fall of man we have nothing to do. The "rise of man" is everything. This is in accordance with all science, and it is a doctrine not of despair but of hope. It is to be accepted as a religious theory as well as a natural theory.

* * *

Hell he defined as the discipline of human life—our mistakes, our sins, our remorse for our mis-doings. A hot hell is the very best place for a man who is going wrong. It is a most healthful sign when a man is in torment with his conscience. Fire and brimstone is not a bad figure for hell. Brimstone always bleaches and purifies, and a man will come out better for the process. I do not believe there was ever a soul so bad but that sometime the dross and stubble would be burned out and the man left.

* * *

Touching church polity, the speaker said that the Congregational polity is that universally adopted by the Unitarian churches. He protested against the monopoly of the term "Congregationalism" by orthodoxy. The church founded on Plymouth rock was today Unitarian, and called itself Congregational. The Unitarians of Boston some years ago met and made a formal protest in court against this monopoly of the term by orthodoxy. The term can never have any relation to a creed, but simply to the church polity. It is purely democratic, declaring that the power is "by the people and for the people", just as truly as it is in the state.

THE December number of the *International Record of Charity and Correction* is a paper of great value, as it contains a report of the National Prison Association, held at Atlanta last month; a most important meeting of an im-

portant association. We are sorry to see that what was "the great event of the entire congress" was an address by Doctor Tucker, which proved to be a panegyric upon the "lessee system" of convict labor. "The hall was crowded with the *élite* of Atlanta, and the speaker was loudly applauded from beginning to end, and at the close of the address the largest part of the audience left, not waiting to hear the replies." In an editorial note this discourse is thus characterized: "The best apology that can be made was here offered for a system that has little to be said in its behalf. It was a cold, hard, bitter, brutal demand for the utmost severity of punishment compatible with physical health." We are sorry to be compelled to add that this doctor is also a reverend. The philanthropists must still teach the theologian religion; not the priest, but the suspected Samaritan still represents the heart of the gospel.

"LOVE ME AND TELL ME SO SOMETIMES!"

Pleasant smiles and gentle tones and cheery greetings; tempers sweet under a head-ache, or a business-care, or the children's noise; the ready bubbling-over of thoughtfulness for one another,—and *habits* of smiling, greeting, forbearing, thinking, in these ways,—it is these above all else which make one's home "a building of God, a house not made with hands": these that we *hear* in the song of "Home, Sweet Home". Into a five-hundred-dollar shanty put strangers who begin to practice the habit of anticipative thoughtfulness for each other, and we have a "home". Put husband, wife and three children into a fifty-thousand-dollar house, and let them avoid this interchange of gentleness, and we have only family-barracks.

Perhaps the best single test of a man lies in the answer to the question, What is he where he is most at home? If there, where he is most familiar and in power, consideration lessens and tenderness evaporates and talk grows masterful, as if he had more rights than his wife, then the heart is shallow and the character is thin. At home one should be at his best, his most graceful, most entertaining, most agreeable,—and more so ten years after marriage than ten days after. The same, of course, with her. Yet strange to think how many persons save their indifference for this one place that should be all tenderness; how many take pains with their courtesy and geniality abroad, but at home glide into the habit of letting geniality be taken for granted instead of being granted. That tells in the course of years; for the cold moods, the silent ways, the seeming-harmless banterings, are the ways and moods that increase with the years. By and by, when the children are growing up and growing away from us, and we are growing old and would like kind words and looks a little more ourselves, we shall wish for our own sake and for theirs that we had done differently.

Men often think, "They love us and we know it; we love them and they know it." Nay, but it is *not* enough to have the love and do the duty *in silence*. We live not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of those we love. Out of the mouth,—it is the *spoken* love that feeds. It is the kindness *offered* that furnishes the house. Even we men who push it coldly away want to have it offered somehow, sometimes, by the wife, the sister, the children; now and then they want it visible. The presence of those children in the rooms is a constant importunity for the outspoken, not the silent, sort of love. Children bare of kisses seem cold as children bare of clothes. We have seen children who evidently did not know how to kiss their fathers,—they went about it, when they had to, so shyly and awkwardly,—and were forgetting how to kiss their mothers. And as for women, it is a woman who writes, and all who have a mother or a sister know how truly she writes,—“Men, you to whom a woman's heart is entrusted, can you heed this simple prayer, 'Love me and tell me so sometimes'?” Nathaniel Bowditch, author of the famous "Navigator", added to his fame by formulating this law in the science of married

life: "Whenever she came into my presence, I tried to express to her outwardly something of the pleasure that it always gave me." A navigator that, worth trusting! On the other hand, there are homes whose atmosphere suggests that the man has never told the woman that he loved her—but once, and that then he was exaggerating. The loneliness of sisters unbrothered of their brothers! The loneliness of wives unhusbanded of their husbands,—who go back to the store, the club, the lodge room night after night, and scarcely see their children to get acquainted with them save on a Sunday afternoon! Yes, and sometimes the loneliness of men! What half-tragedies in homes we know, our thought falls on at these words! Homes that began as fresh and bright with love as ours, with as rich promise of joy, with as daring a trust that the years would bring new sweetness and carry none away—now, homes where the sweetness comes like the warm days in November and the heart-numbness stays and grows like the cold. The lonely ones can hardly tell you why themselves; but you and I perhaps could tell them why. One writes, "I have known a wife who, though she nursed his children, and took care of his household, and sat down with him to three daily meals, was glad to learn her husband's plans and purposes through a third person, to whom he had spoken more freely about the things of deepest concern than he could ever speak to her. The inexpressible pain caused by withheld confidence, the pressure and nightmare of a dumb, repressed life, soon did its work in changing her fresh and buoyant youth to gray-haired, premature age." Have you never seen a death, or at least a wasting sickness, like that which Harriet Hunt called "Found Frozen"?

"She died, as many travelers have died
Overtaken on an Alpine road by night,
Numbed and bewildered by the falling snow;
Striving, in spite of failing pulse and limbs,
Which faltered and grew feeble at each step,
To toil up the icy steep and bear,
Patient and faithful to the last, the load
Which in the sunny morn seemed light, and yet
'Twas in the place she called her home she died!
And they who loved her with the all of love
Their wintry natures had to give, stood by
And wept some tears, and wrote above her grave
Some common record which they thought was true:
But I who loved her first and last and best—I *knew*!"

W. C. G.

Contributed Articles.

ANTI-SLAVERY REMINISCENCE.

The compromise measures of 1850, designed to allay the agitation of the slavery question, north and south, produced precisely the opposite effect. Webster's speech of the 7th of March stirred the anti-slavery sentiment of New England especially to fresh, aggressive life. The old abolitionists flamed into the white heat of a new consecration. The time to carry the cause boldly to the front had arrived. Freedom or slavery, one or the other, must now possess the land. A house divided against itself could not stand. Perceptions of a "higher law" than constitution or mere "will of a majority" aroused a new sense of responsibility. The Fugitive Slave bill had thrust the iniquity of the slave system into every northern home. Where one cried, "I would return my own mother into slavery if the laws of my country required me to do so", the moral sense of the people recoiled. Consistency—the logic of the case—required of all prepared to concede the "supremacy of the bad law" a like confession. But who will follow "logic" over a precipice? And then, if you cannot help the "law" return your own mother into slavery, how can you aid it to return some other one's mother? Law and order flouting humanity was at a discount. The zeal of slaveholders had touched a returning point. They did not suppose it. They supposed they

could carry their wildest scheme to the Canada border without serious opposition. What should hinder? Only a handful of abolitionists, and a half dozen fanatics in Senate and House had given any deterring warning. Mr. Elizur Wright, referring to an earlier period but sufficiently describing this later one, remarks: "Little did the great slaveholders of that day dream what was to happen in the next two or three decades. The Yankee, Whitney, in giving them the cotton gin had opened to them a vision of wealth beyond all El Dorados. Cotton was king, and the whole commerce of the north bowed the knee in allegiance to his majesty. The white race of the south, enriched by the labor of the slaves, had nothing to do but govern the nation. The negroes raised the cotton, the sailors carried it to market, and Calhoun thought that Charleston would soon be more powerful than London and Rome combined. Did not the soil of the south have more of sunshine than that of the north, and the monopoly of a plant with which the subject looms of England and New England could clothe and feed the world?"

Had the aspiring south at this time sought the camp of the abolitionists it could have discovered there a courage and a devotion to match its own. For there, entrenched in an idea, with purposes of offensive warfare already gathering, was the north; then the nation. The then unwritten history is now legible, and no doubt remains of its significance.

True, one yet hears the criticism that the abolitionists had little to do with the final overthrow of slavery. If they achieved, it is said, any distinction, it was that their fanaticism discouraged and delayed emancipation. The argument runs thus: A strong feeling favorable to the removal of slavery had shown itself in the slave States. Movements were already initiated by which the gradual abolition of the system was at least among the probabilities. Everything indicated a favorable result. But just at that propitious moment Garrison broke in upon the charmed circle, furious, malignant, insulting, misunderstanding, misrepresenting. As a consequence, the thought of emancipation so prosperously budding began to close in upon itself and wither away. Slaveholders spurned the insolent interference. At the worst their so-called sin was inherited. Their peculiar institution was interwoven with their very existence. They must be allowed to choose their own time and the proper means for ridding themselves not of their crime but their misfortune. The northern crusade put them on their mettle. Instead of abolishing slavery, as they had been half disposed to do, they would henceforth defend and perpetuate it.

One is not disposed to credit the statement that a resolute and determined people would allow themselves to be so easily balked in a serious purpose. We look for some more potent influence. What with the increasing recognition of the importance of Whitney's cotton gin, the annexation of Texas, and the large area of territory wrested from Mexico, the revived dream of a slave empire which scouted emancipation is well accounted for. No "rub-a-dub agitation", to use Webster's phrase, in Boston and New York, could have furnished Southern leaders more than the flimsiest excuse. The demand for slave labor had gone up, and was likely to increase indefinitely. This prospect was quite enough to drive visions of a new era of freedom from the Southern mind.

But under any circumstances the abolitionists could be held responsible only for their spoken word. They could not be charged with the slaveholders' varying mood or caprice. It is difficult to perceive how men who believed with Wesley that slavery was the "sum of all villainies", could treat the subject in a different manner than they did. Could the leaders have started with the acquaintance of some of the more humane and intelligent slaveholders, possibly a milder tone of discussion might have prevailed. And yet, the movement could not be kept a private and personal one. By a natural moral impetus it swept on sinking in its course all mitigating personal considerations

to deal without forbearance only with the evil itself. The cry of Abolition leaped forth; nothing could restrain it. The provocation was ample. The demand for more slave territory and new guarantees formed the staple topic of congressional debate. Slavery asked judgment. The response could not be avoided. Who was under stress to speak with bated breath? A Channing in the retirement alike of his nature and his study, believing slaveholders all unconscious of being the unmitigated scamps a Stephen Foster might have declared them to be, could hold himself steadily to moderate judgment and speech. But such mild manners only provoked the retort, "If slaveholders are in such blissful ignorance of the character of their pet institution, which they desire to extend and perpetuate in the North, East and West, it is high time the whole truth their blinded eyes fail to report were thundered in their ears. Garrison had cried, "I will be heard." He would not "extenuate, equivocate, or retreat". It was no easy matter to get a hearing. Soft-spoken prophets the people passed by. It was with all the powerful weapons drawn from Old or New Testament—Jeremiah thundering again as in the olden time—that the unawakened were to be brought to heed the reformer's protest. The defiant, the timid, the indifferent, must be stung and maddened, if need be, into attention.

Some notable examples there were where mild-mannered men, as persistent and no less devoted than others, penetrated into the heart of the slave country and, disarming prejudice, engaged slaveholders in amicable discussion. The case of Theodore Wild is in point—he who converted James G. Birney to anti-slavery views and practice. The discussion had been a quiet but effective one, Birney confining himself wholly to asking questions. In the morning he came in to breakfast, confessing: "Yes, Mr. Wild, you are right. The title is bad. It has no basis in natural rights. It originated with the kidnapper." Henry Clay had said: "That is property which the law makes property." In early colonial times it had been decided when a vessel came into Boston harbor bringing slaves, that if the captain had not stolen but purchased them they were his property. Birney declined this protection of the lower laws in deference to a "higher law" at the risk of his life, giving "free papers" to all his slaves.

There was also the case of Preston, of South Carolina, the colleague of Calhoun in the senate. Elizur Wright, of Boston, canvassing in Washington for his translation of "La Fontaine's Fables", called on Preston, who purchased a copy of his book and invited him to pass the night. In the course of conversation Wright was asked what else he had been about. "I have been assailing your peculiar institution, Senator. I am Secretary of the National Anti-Slavery Society." The announcement was not unlike an explosion of dynamite, the senator and his wife rising to their feet in amazement. But, only for a moment. The senator's good breeding came to his rescue, and he responded: "Well, well, Mr. Wright, sit down and let us talk it all over." The talk lasted until the small morning hours. Preston was not persuaded of the wisdom of the anti-slavery propaganda, but he would concede, however, thus much: If he had the making of his State anew, he would sacrifice his life rather than sanction slavery. But the deed was done. Slavery was there, there indefinitely to remain. Black and white could not live together in a state of mutual freedom. It would be as safe to empty the prisons as to allow negroes liberty. The only safety for the white population lay either in the continued bondage of the black race, or in its colonization in Liberia.

It is not to be doubted but that to many conscientious minds the problem of negro emancipation presented difficulties nigh overwhelming. In their view it was absurd to suppose that the negro, left to himself, could come to any good end. He must remain, in some form, under the supervision of the white race. Independent, the two races would come into constant collision. Who could doubt the result? It was the old experience. We know what has

been; we know what is; but we do not know what shall happen, if we are suddenly set down in a new environment and furnished with a new set of relations to men and things. Better bear the ills we have than fly to others we know not of. Such the philosophy of many naturally well-disposed men, like Preston, who deemed slavery evil, but the lesser among other evils.

But of all this the abolitionist could not take account. He could not be persuaded to consider the situation from a southern point of view, or adopt trivial methods of easy-going policy. He saw but the Declaration of Independence and the Golden Rule. He must take his stand by those great charters of freedom and permit the defenders of the crime of slavery to rate the cost of its extinction as best they might.

The Garrisonian abolitionists were disciples of non-resistance. They abhorred war as they did slavery. Some said: "It is worse to kill than to enslave. You can restore liberty, but not life." But a warfare of words was legitimate. Men who would not shed blood did not hesitate to stir up all the bad blood necessary in behalf of the good cause. Their "moral suasion" turned out oftener to be moral denunciation. But again, what else could they do—they who believed that "sin was not taken out of man, as Eve out of Adam, by putting him to sleep."

S. H. M.

MR. BLAKE'S ESSAYS.*

The late Dr. Edward Robinson, many years ago, on the appearance of the first volume of Freytag's Arabic Lexicon, exclaimed, "A truly welcome present this to all who interest themselves for Arabic literature! So all will acknowledge who have themselves experienced the difficulty of obtaining books for the study of this noble language." It has proved all that which this eminent Oriental scholar announced. Not one since who has attempted to approach and get some possession of this richly cultivated but very difficult tongue, that has not acknowledged his deep indebtedness to that laborious and very helpful lexicographer.

So might well exclaim, with reference to the appearance of Mr. Blake's book, any one who is interested in behalf of the wealth of gnomic wisdom in the world. The volume of this wisdom is properly the world's Bible, and every sentence, every fragment of it is precious beyond price. Mr. Blake has given us in this little book the condensed result of the thought of his best hours—hours spent, and a great many of them, in study, reflection, observation, calm, careful meditation upon the great problems of life and of being. The fruit is a rare work of wisdom; a neat volume full to the brim of enrichment, suggestion, stimulus; a very encheiridion, a vade-mecum to carry amid all the passages, the varied experiences and exposures of our earthly life. Every one will find something here to feed upon, pemmican to carry for the waste and solitary places in his journey—song of conquest, notes of the battle cry for successful conflict and victory.

Mr. Blake has had companionship with the masters. He knows Marcus Aurelius, Seneca, Plutarch, Epictetus, Rochefoucauld, Goethe, Emerson and his spiritual kindred in our own time; some also of the Chinese and Hindu sages. He has assimilated from them all, and his pages are frequently enriched from their pregnant, ripened thought. Particularly Marcus Aurelius he has pondered and thoroughly loves. The style is quaint, reminding often of the old English writers; is picturesque, generally lucid, bearing often flushes of the poetic, and throughout is engaging and animating.

The subjects are various, all treated in papers of great brevity, and ranging from Vain Glory, Luck, etc., to the Immortal Life. The essays strike us as of unequal degrees

of merit; and while all are thoughtful and earnest, some will doubtless write themselves much more deeply in the memory than others. The essay on Questions of Heroism contains a sentiment that in our judgment can in no wise be admitted, except under very significant and grave qualifications, and those not in the least hinted in this paper. I am sorry that John Weiss should ever have uttered such a view in regard to the obligations of a wife to her husband, he guilty of crime. The apothegm of Marcus Antoninus, that Mr. Blake quotes elsewhere, will apply here: "Whatever is not good for the swarm is not good for the bee." There can be at bottom no conflict between the claims of individual right and public justice, and all the ties of allegiance by which I may be bound to wife, family, friend, clan, church or party must be held subordinate to the demands of supreme rectitude and the great proprieties. Otherwise, how shall we escape the formation and continuance of the endless conspiracies to defeat for private and individual interests, as conceived, the ends of universal justice, with which the world to this hour is full? I presume that Mr. Blake can not mean for an instant to justify a doctrine covering such criminal license as that, yet he has not here been sufficiently careful to guard against being taken under such construction.

If we were called upon to name the essays in the book that have most interested and enriched us, we should say those upon Government, Hand-writing, Requital, Character as a work, and the two upon Immortal Life and Death. These are all full of flashes of genuine wisdom and on-bearing inspiration. In saying this we have no thought of disparaging in the least the others. All are carefully wrought, deeply thoughtful, fresh and quickening. But the above we speak of as among good, seeming to us the best.

The paper on Hand-writing shows well what Emerson calls the invariable mark of wisdom, "seeing the miraculous in the common." It stirs and arouses us anew to find what miracles of life stand revealed before the eye in the most commonplace facts that we have all our days seen but never penetrated and read. There is much of the same element, showing the penetration of this writer's mind in the essay on Character. The searching thoughts on Requital must bring home questions to many a one among us that quite likely we have never considered in regard to the return we have made, are making, for the priceless benefactions we receive from the dear ones in the household, and in the wider circle of friendship, values no market can furnish, no wealth, though it were of all the Indies, can begin to buy. "For interest, tenderness, devotion, thought and love are things never for sale." Nothing can be more wholesome than the reflections this essay must incite.

The essay on Government, one of the longest, is in our judgment one of the very best in the book, or indeed in any book. It is noble in its sentiment, high and just in its inculcation, showing admirable discernment and discrimination. No writer of our time certainly has approached the subject from loftier ground, or looked into it with more sound and penetrating vision. The deficiency, if any, is in the omission to recognize sufficiently the practical embarrassments that lie in the way. Men are very nearly on a par physically, and the application of the proper tests and restrictions in the wielding of the franchise is among the most difficult of things to accomplish. The rude mass will certainly have its voice and representation. The danger perpetually is that in the voting (and vote in some form they inevitably will) the lepers shall constantly outvote the clean. The prescription for preventing this is not easy to find. But the ideal must be held aloft "for aye through time and season", and honored by all right-minded men, or all go inevitably to bankruptcy and ruin. Mr. Blake does only well to lay the insistence there.

There are good definitions, as witness those of tyranny, meditation, etc.,—"tyranny dwells only in a personal will broken away from the natural bounds of law",—and sentences here and there pithy, pregnant, felicitous, as having

* Essays. By James Villa Blake. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. 1887. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 216. \$1.00.

the force of apothegms. The essay on Death rises to a psalm of the immortal ever-enlarging life. It lifts and inspires with a sublime augury and hope,—hope that rises to assurance in this clear vision of the illumined soul. “We know that betwixt the greatest number of pulsations that will twinge the ear, and the smallest number thereof which impinging on the nerve affect it as heat, there is a great gap, the pulsations in which rouse no sense in us; and, again, another vast multitude of vibrations betwixt the boundary of heat and the beginning of light; and another illimitable space thereof beyond violet luminosity; to all of which we have no sensibility. Yet why we know not, nor whether other creatures may not have perceptions of these intervening areas of motions which we perceive not; nor whether all the senses were not long a growing, or some waiting perhaps to burst at the change which we call death, as light might burst on a man born blind. Wherefore there is beauty and not folly in the suggestion which some have offered that to die may be like growing a new sense; and since the gaps are so many and vast wherein we have no perception of motions, and at last we reach an infinitude of them into which we cannot pass, I must suspect a great company of things and beings all about us not now perceivable by any sense; and whether hereafter to be perceivable who can tell?—a wonderful unimagined order of life wherein are all beauties (since what order of life is not full?) and warm with love, since so is the highest order which we wot of. There must be heavens which contain ours”; pp. 173, 174.

Tyndall says, “The value of a discovery is to be measured by the intellectual action it calls forth.” ’Tis so of a book. Its value is in incitement, quickening, the rousing of the soul. “That day is best”, says Emerson, “in which we have had most perceptions.” That book is best which most stirs, stimulates, and feeds the thought. Judged by such standard, we deem that this little volume has its great worth, and is destined to permanence. It is excellent for solitary reading, and reading too in the family, in clubs; excellent to place in the hands of young persons to help form their habits of thought, and lift the tone of their life to loftier planes. A single sentence, where there is not time for larger reading, taken in the morning, will be capital for phylactery, a tonic to brace and strengthen and cheer amid the weariness, cares and besetments of the day.

Messrs. Charles H. Kerr & Co. have presented to us this suitor for our attention in quite plain but fitting dress, in neat type, on laid paper, and equipped with an index at the end which affords all the facilities for finding on the instant whatever topic or passage may be sought. Lao Tsze says, speaking of the celestial Tao, that “in its passing out of the mouth it is weak and tasteless. If you look at it, there is nothing to fill the eye. If you listen to it, there is nothing to fill the ear. But if you use it, it is inexhaustible”. The last named characteristic certainly is shared by all good books. They open to us views out into infinity, they refresh, vitalize, nourish without end. It is possessed in liberal measure by this little volume of essays, quietly, modestly offered to us by James Vila Blake.

CHARLES D. B. MILLS.

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK, November 30.

Correspondence.

THE INDEX.

I see with regret by the last copy of *The Index* that this paper will expire December 30th, 1886. I am constrained to shed a tear over the necessity of parting with this old friend of many years whom I have admired, enjoyed and profited by all the more because I have not always been in agreement with him. So I wish you to print my tear in UNITY.

I began taking *The Index* about three years before Mr. Abbot ceased to be its editor, and have taken it continuously ever since. I wish to express my great indebtedness to him and to the paper while he conducted it for helping me much while on my way out of orthodoxy. There are few keener, better equipped minds in this country than that of Francis Ellingwood Abbot,—few men who have been so true to the inward monitor conscience. I never had the pleasure of meeting him but once. It was in the law office of Damon Y. Kilgore in Philadelphia in 1876. He impressed me as a sharp, incisive, undiplomatic, thoroughly honest man, and from that day to this I have never ceased to respect him. His recent titanic attempt to make a strictly scientific demonstration of the Divine Existence has gratified his many friends by its display of great ability, thoroughgoing study and zeal, even if it has not been in all respects satisfactory. I think, however, that he has laid a foundation solid and immovable, and that he himself or some other will yet triumphantly build thereon. I could not agree with Mr. Abbot in laying aside the Christian name, as I could not with the present editors of *The Index*, for it has always seemed to me, either that these scholarly gentlemen had not made a sufficiently careful study of the historic context and origins of Christianity, or that this study had been made under the influence of a bias, common in our time and begotten of the heat of our modern religious struggle, that prevented them from discovering how exactly the spirit of Christianity means what all honest, liberal, religious minds are striving after to-day, and in whom it is unconsciously bursting forth again. But the noble, sturdy, uncompromising battle all have fought for truth, righteousness and love against superstition and darkness, and the great self-sacrifice this has necessitated, and the moral courage it has required, assure us that the day of Hebrew prophets has not gone by.

What moderation, decency, courtesy, have characterized the columns of *The Index* since Mr. Potter and Mr. Underwood took charge of it. We have indeed missed a little the ancient Spartan fire. But what admirable and helpful editorials we have always had from Mr. Potter's pen. What discriminating notes and collections of the most pertinent and interesting religious news from Mr. Underwood's. We have found many a golden nugget in these. And when either of these gentlemen have seen fit to favor us in these columns with their own religious views in some measure, with what lack of dogmatism this has been done, and how easy it has been for us in consequence to pick out and digest and save the grains of gold therein,—a better drink of immortality than that king of Egypt's. And while I express my indebtedness to Mr. Abbot and *The Index* for much help while on my way out of orthodoxy, I wish to express with equal heartiness my great indebtedness to *The Index* and its present editors for much help in finding at last my present religious position, which, while it may not be theirs, is to me one of satisfaction, comfort, joy, and hope. No one can afford now-a-days not to read all sides of all religious, or other questions, hear what candid, honest, scholarly men have to say, then come to such conclusions independently of them all as seem to be warranted by the facts. No one mind, no number of minds, in our time, are to be implicitly followed because they happen to go into cold print. So used, *The Index* has ever been to me one of the most helpful and welcome of all the papers that from week to week have entered my door. Its coming has ever been a curiosity not only, as that of all papers is, but a positive pleasure, for in every issue I always anticipated finding, and always found, something valuable. Some single articles have at times been worth the price of the paper for the year. The paper has represented the serious, solid, and bright advanced thought of our period, and while a little too far out, in my opinion, in laying aside a name that I am persuaded has been misunderstood, its influence has been on the whole wholesome, constructive, cheery, and has been like an October air to manhood and womanhood.

You cannot wonder, then, that I shed a tear over the coming grave of this friend, and ask you, editor of *UNITY*, to print it. I trust that the sincerity of this recognition of good done may bring a single ray of sunshine at least into a species of editorial life which in our time is by no means blessed by too much cheer.

If Mr. Underwood starts *The Open Court*—a splendid name, by the way—I shall be one of his subscribers.

This tribute of appreciation, and recognition of good done, is, it is true, from one who is not in all respects in agreement with *The Index* or its editors in religion, but it is a word that I feel ought to be said.

A. N. ALCOTT.

The Study Table.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

Lee & Shepard, of Boston, send us a handful of pretty little things¹ in gold and brown binding, containing single poems, such as "Home, Sweet Home", "Rock of Ages", "Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night", "My Faith Looks Up to Thee", "Abide with Me", and "Nearer, My God, to Thee", the last containing the intrusive and insolent supplementary verse added by an orthodox hand, breathing a Christology foreign both to the spirit of the great hymn and the convictions of the author. The illustrations, of course, suffer by the reduction from the larger size in which they first appeared, but any of them make fifty cents' worth of Christmas prettiness. The same house brings out this year in smaller and cheaper form, in blue, white and gold, Miss Jerome's "Message of the Blue Bird."² The birds are *vocal* even in the pictures. The book was originally intended as an Easter offering, and the letter text rests upon a view of the Resurrection that will cause the humanitarian and the naturalist in religion to hesitate before purchasing. The Blue-Bird's Message would seem to us extraordinary in its little birds so naive and spirited were it not so completely thrown into the shadow by the greater "Nature's Hallelujah,"³ published this year for the first time, though some of the designs are familiar to the eye, as the originals have been displayed in some of our art windows. We are slow to grow enthusiastic over holiday books, because they are apt to be expensive and transient in their character, but it is impossible to keep cool while turning these eighty-five pages that display such varied range of beauty, culled from the fields of poetry and of nature, sea, sky, mountain, valley, flower-bed and forest. Whittier, Chadwick, Gannett, Bayard Taylor, "H. H.", Lucy Larcom, and many others, indicate the wide range through which Miss Jerome's taste and fancy have traveled. The execution of this book is exquisite, but we keep forgetting this in our admiration for the poetic insight and spiritual susceptibility that *first* revealed the book to the mind's eye of the artist. We are glad to know that Chicago is the home of the poet-artist, and we would like to believe that there is, or soon is to be, in the atmosphere of our Western metropolis that which is hospitable to such art. More modest, but still to the encouragement of Chicago, is "Grandmother's Garden,"⁴ as illustrated by the pen of Eben E. Rexford and the pencil of Mary Cecelia Spaulding and published by A. C. McClurg & Co. Ten clusters of the dear old flowers, pinks, lilies and roses,

¹Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night, by Rosa Hartwick Thorpe; Abide With Me, by Henry Francis Lyte; Nearer, My God, to Thee, by Sarah Flower Adams; My Faith Looks Up to Thee, by Ray Palmer; Home, Sweet Home, by John Howard Payne; Rock of Ages, by Augustus Montague Toplady. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Illustrated. Square 32mo, cloth, full gilt, each 50 cents.

²The Message of the Blue Bird; told to me to tell others. By Irene E. Jerome. Illustrated. Cloth, \$2.

³Nature's Hallelujah. Illustrated and arranged by Irene E. Jerome. Cloth, full gilt; pp. 85. \$3.

⁴Grandmother's Garden. By Eben E. Rexford. Illustrated by Mary Cecelia Spaulding. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, \$3; paper, \$2.50.

reproduced in various tints, soft and appealing to something very tender and humane in the heart. It carries one back to the simplicities of the homes and beauties that the world ought never to outgrow.

October (Through the Year with the Poets). By Oscar Fay Adams. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 16mo, pp. 154; price, 75 cents.

The eleventh number in Mr. Adams' series is a creditable follower of its ten predecessors; it shows all the variety of subject and of authorship which marked them, and is fully the equal of any, except, possibly, the *August* issue, in quality of thought, poetical value, and delightfulness of mood and manner. All those poems of the autumn which have had extensive publication, and which have been omitted from previous issues, appear in this—"A Still Day in Autumn", "No Clouds are in the Morning Sky", "Oh, Loosely Swings the Purpling Vine", and others. In all, new or old, may be found some thought or picture to justify publication, even though in some cases the material is slight, and in some the treatment is less satisfactory than in others. We think Mary Townley's "The Rose in October", W. J. Henderson's "Song in October", and the three pieces named above, much the most charming and among the most perfect of all these songs. E. R. C.

Melchior's Dream, and other Tales. By Mrs. J. H. Ewing. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"Melchior's Dream" is the opening piece in a volume of stories for young people by an author who has won a deservedly high place in literary circles for the originality of her productions and the choice and delicate style in which they are written. Mrs. Ewing's tales present a desirable contrast in the reading matter they offer to both young and old to much that comes to us even from the pens of some of our most accomplished and popular writers. Their tone is always that of quiet health and cheer. There is no straining after unusual effects, which is perhaps one reason why the effect always is unusual, and of a quality as unforeseen and unexpected as it is delightful. But Mrs. Ewing's books are too well known to need more than the mention of a new work from her fertile and graceful pen. W.

Address on The Services of Washington before the School Children of Boston, in the Old South Meeting House, Twenty-second of February, 1886. By William Everett. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.,

What an admirable idea is this, to give interesting lectures to the children on the great and virtuous names in the history of our country! Every child is the better who grows up with a reverence for a man like Washington; every man is the better who cherishes that reverence and has an honest pride in the pure fame of Washington. Mr. Everett names a group of the great men who were contemporary with Washington, and then treats the question, "What was it that made men count Washington in his life time, and makes them count him now, greater in degree, greater in kind, than any of these?"

Lessing's Nathan the Wise. In Cassell's National Library. Ten cents.

The editor and publishers of this library could not make a better selection than is this famous and lofty play by Lessing. By this cheap, handy edition it is placed within the reach of all companies or clubs who may like to read it in dramatic fashion. It is one of those plays joining literary beauty with interest in the situations, which make excellent reading for literary clubs that like to have dramatic evenings. Before this edition of it, it was not accessible for that purpose, being published only in books that cost one dollar or more each.

The Dome.

APPLES, WHEAT AND FLOWERS.

An old traveler who tells many strange stories as if he believed them,—and perhaps truly he did believe them, for nothing is more strange than the ease with which men believe anything,—tells of falling in with a tree bearing wonderful apples. They looked rich, red and ripe, so that he was fain to pick one, having traveled a long distance and being both hungry and thirsty. But when one lay in his hand he found that a mouthful had been taken out of one side of it. "How is this?" said the traveler; "some lazy fellow has bitten the apple as it hung on the tree and left it thus scarred". Then he threw it away, and plucked another, but when he turned it over in his hand, he found it was scarred in the same way; for a piece had been bitten from it. "The lazy varlet", exclaimed the traveler, "could he not have plucked an apple and eaten it, that thus he must deface the fair fruit as it hung on the tree. Thus doth a man leave a vile mark wherever he passes by, if he be wanton. I will pluck an apple higher up where this biter could not reach." So then he cast a line up into the tree over a bough, and brought a branch down to him, and plucked a very fair apple indeed. But behold, from its fairest and reddest side a bite had been taken as from the others. With this the man was greatly astonished, and walking around the tree so that he could see the fruit from its different sides, he could spy many such apples; and whenever one looked all whole to him, if he could manage, by walking, to see all parts of it, 'twas sure to show the loss of a mouthful. At this the man sought some people in the place and asked about the tree, why it was that all the apples that looked so fair were marked in such a way. The people answered him, "Surely thou art a stranger in these parts and hast come hither but now, and hast lived very far off in thine own home; for who that lives here, or not too far away, but knows that this is the tree of Adam; whence all the fruit that grows on it is marked with the bite that Eve, and, after her, Adam, did take wickedly from the fruit on the tree in the garden of Eden." This is a queer, quaint story, and I must say not a pretty one, for truly a laden tree with all the fruit gnawed on one side is not a lovely thought, nor would be a fair sight. But is it not as pleasing as the story in the bible that after Adam and Eve had eaten the apple, at once they became all sinful, and all men after them were defiled, and sin spread over the earth? For which is better, that all the apples on that tree thereafter should bear the mark of the sinful bite, or that all men should bear a like hurt in their souls, and be evil and wretched? Now both these stories, the Traveler's story and the old Bible story, mean the same thing, and though they are so queer and not at all beautiful, and could not have happened, yet they have a truth in them; yes, and the ancient people who told these stories were not silly gabblers, chatting together for nothing, without meaning; nay, they meant much truth. These tales of the apple were the ways in which these old peoples said,—Evil is very evil; unfaithfulness, disobedience, untruthfulness, and all manner of ill whatsoever, are very sore and dreadful indeed, and very strong withal, so that they reach out a long way, and do not stop their bad effect with him who does the evil deed; no, but spread out far and wide into so many hearts that no one can count them, and so far over the earth that no one can follow an evil thing to tell where it will go or what it will do. Now this is a great truth, a solemn truth. What more solemn than that when we have done wrong it flies off like a bird of prey and we cannot catch it again, nor ever tie it up, nor tell whom it will tear or kill? Now, the ancient peoples knew this great fact. In all these many rolling centuries, we have learned much about the earth, the stars, plants, animals, and man's body; about coal, minerals, springs, winds,

oceans and mountains; but we know not much more about good or evil, about the conscience or the inner eye, which knows the difference, than those ancient people did. But they could not speak as we can, nor reason in our plain way. They thought and lived in figures, images and dreams. So when they wished to say how far and swiftly a naughty deed travels, and to tell why men were bad and did bad things, they said that all the ill came from the first ill that ever was done, which was a disobedience; and when they wished to say how long the effect lasted, and that indeed it never died, they said that all the apples were marked by the first thievish mouthful.

There are many stories that have this same meaning, yes, indeed, books full of them; in truth, we may say of them as the disciple said of the acts of Jesus, that if they were all writ down "the world could not contain the books that would be written". The Arabians have a legend that the grain of wheat shrank greatly as man fell away from his first goodness. In Eden the wheat grain was in size like the egg of the ostrich. When the prophets were preaching repentance, it was as large only as a hen's egg; when the Jews were clamoring that Jesus should be killed, it became like a walnut; at last, as men repented not, the wheat grain wasted to its present size. Often the stories teach the same thing in the opposite way: I mean by telling how far a good deed goes, and how strong it is, as well as a bad deed. There is an old legend that outside of paradise there were no flowers. When Adam and Eve were driven out after their disobedience, they went wandering over the barren earth, which had no bright colors and no sweet odors of blossoms; but when our first parents grew humble in mind, and were sorrowful for their wrong, and dropped tears of repentance, wherever a tear fell instantly a flower sprung up, so that the earth was stocked with blossoms by their penitence. All these stories mean the same thing. They are all true, not because they happened just so, or could happen, but because they are the early language in which the fathers, in which the far-off old peoples, said in their own way, "How strong is good, and how strong is evil, too!" Also they mean, as before I have said about other stories, that the earth is not one part and man another, and they unlike each other; but that both came from God, and that all things wonderfully work together to agree with the good and to help it on.

Now some of the stories relating to Jesus are like these other stories, and have just their same meaning. There are many stories about him in our gospels, and many not in them but in other books, which simply mean how far the power of a holy soul stretches,—such stories as that when he bathed his face with water and a sick child afterwards touched the water, immediately he grew well; or that when Jesus passed by a wheat field which was just sown, instantly the wheat sprung up and was fully ripe in the ear. In our own gospels the story of the healing when some one touched his robe, the walking on the water and the stilling of the tempest and the blighting of the fig tree, are of the same kind, and mean that goodness and all the forces of nature are like to each other, and work together; but the story of the fig tree is not a beautiful one. The turning of the water into wine at Cana is another tale with this same meaning, that all objects are close akin to the soul. A poet, I know not which one, has put this meaning in this line,

"The conscious water saw its Lord, and blushed";

but I think it not beautiful, nor the story itself so lovely as many others. But this is true about them all, that they were not told merely for pretty tales and idle fancies, to please the hour, but to utter deep thoughts of life. A Hebrew poet puts the thought briefly in the following,—

"The stars in their courses uphold the righteous,
The stones of the field are in league with him."

UNITY AND THE UNIVERSITY.

Editors, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, David Utter, James Vila Blake, William C. Gannett, John C. Learned, Henry M. Simmons, Frederick L. Hosmer; Special Editorial Contributors, John R. Effinger, Charles Douglas, Judson Fisher, Edwin R. Chomplin, Horace L. Traubel, H. Tams Lyche, Celia P. Woolley, Emma Endicott Marcan, Ellen T. Leonard, and others; Office Editor, Charles H. Kerr. The editors assume no responsibility for the opinions expressed by correspondents. Communications must be marked with the real name of the writer, though not necessarily for publication.

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Notes from the Field.

Corporations with Souls.—Why should organizations be soulless? So thought the Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society a few weeks ago; and so it sent its greetings to some of the parishes and Sunday-schools within its territory who gathered to celebrate their Harvest Festivals, just a cordial and thoughtful word to remind them of its interest in their welfare and express its need of a similar kind of interest in itself from them. A response from one of these schools was so hearty in expressing this interest, and was accompanied with such a substantial manifestation of the same, that we print it for others to read:

SIoux CITY, Iowa, November 22, 1886.

Dear Western Unitarian Sunday-School Society.—Our minister read to us your letter and we enjoyed hearing from you very much. We think that what you say about loving thoughts being able to span long distances is very true, and it is nice to think that they can travel east as well as west.

You say that you are sometimes lonely and perplexed. When you feel that way please remember that we boys and girls of the Unitarian Sunday-school here in Sioux City are your friends, and that we appreciate what you are trying to do to help us. We feel that we ought to help you too, so we have taken up a collection for your benefit and send you ten dollars to use as you think best in helping "our cause." We are "way out on the prairie," it is true, but there are a good many of us and we are so busy that we seldom have any time to be lonely. Sioux City is not quite as large as Chicago, but there is no telling what it will be one of these days, for it is the springtime with our city now, as well as with us. We have bought a church lot, but it is not paid for yet. How to raise the money to pay for it is the question with us now, but we think we can do it if the older ones do their part. We are beginning to think about Christmas now, and are going to try and make some boys and girls have a real good time, who unless we do invite them to our Christmas party will not have any. We asked our minister to write this letter for us, but we voted to answer your letter and have heard this one read, so it is really from us. We cannot say as nice things as you said in your letter, but we wish to be helpers in the world and are going to try to "lend a hand" when we can. We would like to hear from you again.

Hoping you will excuse all mistakes, we are heartily yours,

SIoux CITY UNITARIAN S. S.

Philadelphia.—The younger Jastrow, till recently assistant to his father at one of the Hebrew temples, made a parting address, in essence a noble call for definition and sincerity. It was even said variously that Jastrow had avowed himself a Christian, but this charge was disposed of, with others, by the man most interested in keeping his position clear. The elder Jastrow has since replied to some of the son's strictures. The truth of the matter is, the latter has come forth on broad human grounds, beyond the pale of expedient and precedent in book and dogma. The case would naturally excite considerable interest, which has been heightened by the junior Jastrow's appointment to a professorship at the University.

—Chadwick, Collyer (possibly), Calthrop, Clifford, Ames, Mangasarian and others will lecture this winter in a literary course instituted by the Camden Unity Ethical Association.

—Now and then, among Philadelphia papers, one is pleasantly surprised by glimpses of song from James Vila Blake.

—The street boys under charge of the Ethical Culture Society are enthusiastic in the work taught them, and it is believed the impression thus made on the youthful characters will have permanence and beauty.

H. L. T.

Boston Notes.—The Methodist ministers of New England have set a good example in being a unit in favor of total abstinence. Their younger ministers have added abstinence from the use of tobacco to their pledges.

—One of our large dry goods shops has for a Christmas show in its window a weaver of silk plying his trade. Retail Christmas sales are commencing early, and are unusually active in articles of moderate cost.

—The Universalist and the Unitarian ministers of this city and suburbs have planned a reunion for themselves and their wives on the anniversary week of next May.

—At Harvard college the students, besides attending numerous the voluntary morning prayers, also to the number of two hundred attend the newly inaugurated Thursday afternoon prayer and conference meetings.

—In Boston, thirty years ago, an evangelical clergyman was always called to officiate on public occasions; but to-day a Unitarian is invariably invited at such times.

—Last Wednesday evening the members of the Unitarian club with ladies held a very pleasant reception at the "Vendome." The Unitarian ministers of the city with their wives were complimented with an invitation to be present.

Cleveland.—On Monday evening, December 13, Mr. Arthur May Knapp, of Boston, gave one of his lectures upon Art, in the Church of the Unity. "Temple and Cathedral" was the subject of his lecture, which was illustrated by some seventy beautiful stereopticon views. The lecture itself was one of rare interest and suggestiveness, not a running commentary on the pictures, as is often the case in the illustrated lecture, but the views being subordinate to and illustrative of the text of the lecture. Mr. Knapp is now on his way to California, and is to lecture in several of our western cities en route. His lectures are admirable material for our Unity Clubs to bring before the public, being instructive as well as entertaining, thus fulfilling the aim of the old-time lyceum lecture. Mr. Knapp speaks in a pleasant conversational tone, and his readiness to answer any questions from the audience adds to the pleasantness and profit of the lecture.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—The Liberal Holland congregation is to dedicate its new church on Wednesday evening, December 22. This is the first Dutch church of the kind in America. With this movement our readers have already been made conversant, and they

will rejoice with this society. Planted as it is on the simplest humanitarian basis, it is an object lesson to our American churches in untraveled fellowship, an illustration to the timid in Unitarian ranks of how high, earnest and helpful is the religion founded upon ethics and aspiring to character.

Luverne, Minn.—On Thursday evening, December 9, the "Unity Congregational Society" was organized at this place. It starts out with a membership of twenty-three. Mr. Hunting was present and the organization took shape under his experienced hand. We make room for a few sentences from his able address in another column.

Miss Carrie J. Bartlett, who for several years has been quietly girding herself for the Unitarian ministry under the direction of our "Iowa sisterhood", preached her first sermon last Sunday at Sioux Falls, Dak., and in a few weeks will take charge of the work at Luverne and Rock Falls, after Mr. Hunting has further prepared the way.

Elyria, O.—Mr. Hosmer, of Cleveland, gave his lecture upon the poet Bryant in the parlors of Mrs. T. W. Laundon on Wednesday evening, December 8; before a large company of invited friends.

BROWNING'S WOMEN.

By MARY E. BURT,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

By EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D., LL.D.

The best of Robert Browning's poems simplified. His "obscure" metaphysics made plain. Adapted to those who are too busy to study the poet carefully, and to those who have no reference libraries.

"Although, as you know, I am not a devout follower of the veiled prophet, and do not regard those, of necessity, fools or blind who cannot plainly discern his meaning, I have derived much pleasure from these charming pages. Many a student of his writings will find in them a clear and graceful interpretation of much of his thought and purpose."

GEORGE HOWLAND,
Supt. Chicago Schools.

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